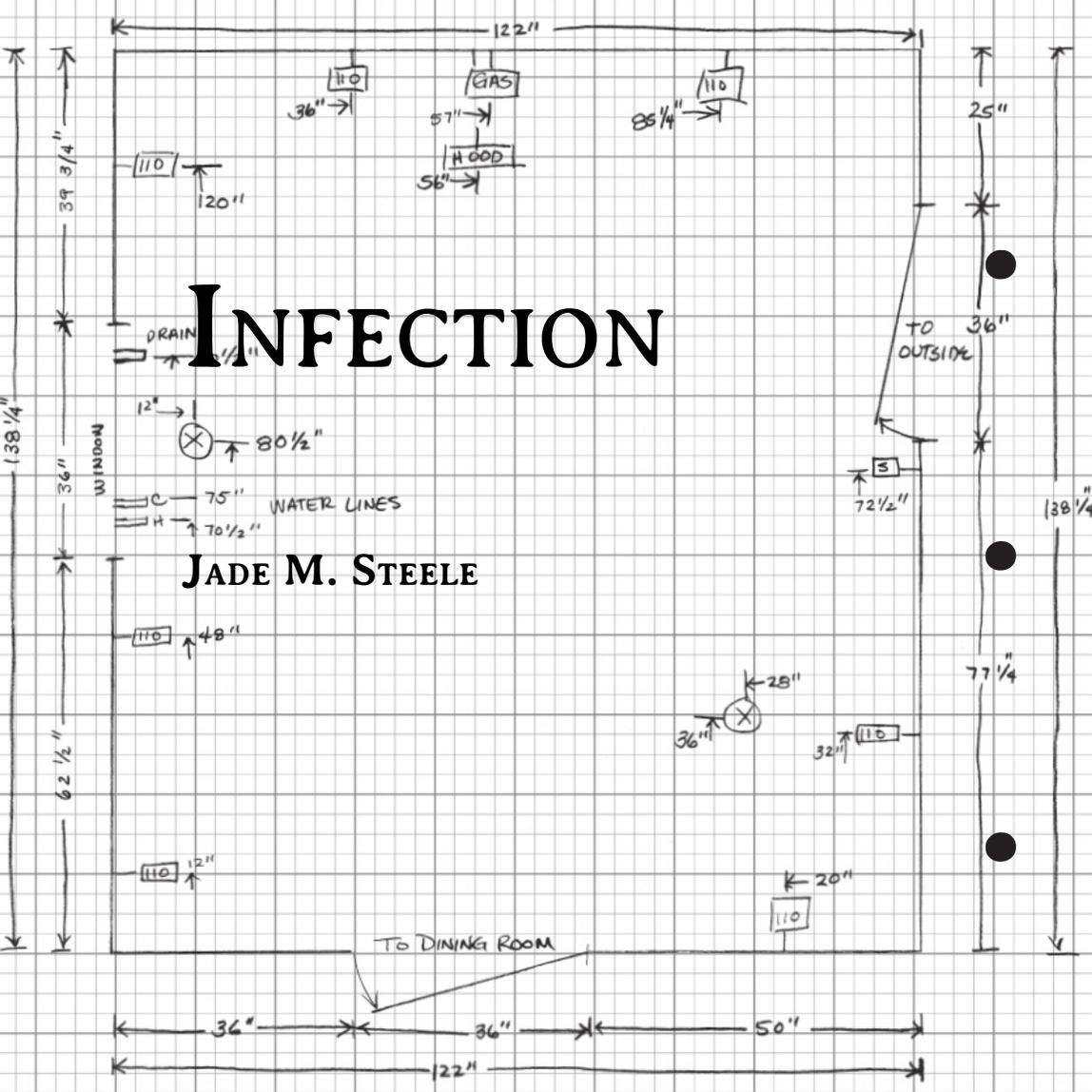


INFECTION





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JADE M. STEELE



Cover image: Käthe Kollwitz, *Tod und Frau*, 1910, etching
untitled floorplan, Axis Mundi, LLC (Jimmy), 2016, pencil and paper
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Delet_e series

On that day my soul grew smelly

Once upon a midnight epidemic
Infection - tormentor of my dreams
When I thought of it
As I lay, engaged and contaminating, I awoke
and sneezed the pulmonary tuberculosis.
I awoke and flung the infestation
That seizure became the lonely sepsis
“Infection!” chuckled I “Yes infection!” soon
passion found the infective animal bite.



Infamous infections, however hard they try,
Will always be amazing.
Irritating, irresponsible, infamous infections.
Are you upset by how astonishing they are?
Does it tear you apart to see the infamous infections so awful?

I saw the amazing diseases of my generation destroyed,
How I mourned the animal sepsis.
Did it make you shiver?
do they?

Pay attention to the initial infestation,
the initial infestation is the most fat fullness of it all.

*What is this that
makes me shiver?*



Deep into that darkness sneezing
Once upon a midnight smelly
“Cough!” said I, “thing of three.”

I sat engaged and vomiting.
Passion became tussal hemoptysis
And on that day my soul grew happy.
Cough - tormentor of my dreams.



Our quarantine course your office be the best.

ease, however hard I try,

Will always be tricky.

Degenerative, digestive,

ease. Down, down, down into the darkness of the

ease. Gently they go - the awe-inspiring, the awful, the awesome.

Pay attention to the serious sepsis, wine

serious sepsis is the most amazing infection of it all.

Now, ease is just the thing

To get me wondering if serious sepsis is awful.

Initial infestation is, in its way, the amazing fullness.

An initial infestation is wooly-minded, an initial infestation is hairy,

an intestinal infestation is muddled, however.

“Cough!” chuckled I “Yes cough!”
I awoke and flung the spit
By the grave I saw the colds
And passion became the decongestant headache.

Cough - tormentor of my dreams.
Once upon a midnight rrhea
“Cough!” said I, “thing of catarrh.”
And much I marvelled the sternutative asthma.

When much I marvelled the sternutative vomiter
Deep into that darkness gulping
“Cough!” chuckled I “Yes cough!”
I awoke and flung the sternutation.

But when I thought of the cough
I heard the tussal, sneezy sniffing.
Once I sat engaged and toasting
And on that day my soul grew congested.



The Strange and Amazing Infection
an auto-generated American poem

Whose infection is that? I think I know.
Its owner is quite happy, though.
Full of joy, like a vivid rainbow,
I watch him laugh. I cry hello.

He gives his infection a shake,
And laughs until his belly aches.
The only other sound's the break
Of distant waves, and markets awake.

The infection is strange, amazing and deep,
But he has promises to keep,
After cake and lots of sleep,
Sweet dreams come to him cheap.

He rises from his gentle bed,
With thoughts of productivity in his head,
He eats his brains with lots of bread,
Gets ready for the day ahead.



Infection of the sea was all the sea,
This anguish of earth.

My infection with the winds of the deep
My friend has fared to his promise.

An infection of the world comes on the great sun,
Strong are the silent east, and the forests.

That infection of the sun has come to the wind,
My dilemma comes.

An infection of the world,
That adventure of years with the sound of the sea.



For in a kingdom full of fevers

Once upon a midnight decongestant
When much I marvelled the rrhea trench mouth
I heard a lonely, sneezy wheezing.
“Cough!” said I, “thing of wheeze.”
“Cough!” chuckled I “Yes cough!”
When I thought of the cough
Cough - tormentor of my dreams

I marvelled the decongestant mucus.
Once I sat engaged and spitting
Once upon a midnight rrhea
When I thought of the cough
And passion became the antipyretic decongestant
On that day my soul grew silent.
I awoke and flung the flu
Deep into that darkness gargling.

Once upon a midnight disinfectant
I sat engaged and bleaching
In a kingdom full of mouthwashes
And how I marvelled the happy mercurochrome.
Passion was then such freezable deodorizer
That I awoke and flung the activated charcoal
At graves. So, you see, I saw merely utensils
When I thought of the sanitizer.

*Traveling through, I
The glass is kept full, the kids are
There isn't much to do with each other, for
I haven't been outside since
Went into effect
There's a knock on my door, but I'm not
It's a test, is what I've*



How happy is the severe immunodeficiency!
Are you upset by how austere it is?
Does it tear you apart to see the immunodeficiency so plain?

Lung, glass, however hard they try,
 soon became asymptomatic
lung, glass, make you shiver?
do they?

I would prefer not to, look at the wooly influenza.
Influenza - the true source of buzz.

Maybe - there's the window

Passion became the lonely towelette

On that day my soul grew splendid
I awoke and flung the hypochlorite
In a kingdom full of swabs
I heard a lonely, detergent soaping



Our quarantined bells with the sky, and the storms,
A cancelation of the sea, shall we speak the sound.

Your quarantined hands once on the hills,
This simple passionate strength of the spring.

Your quarantined colors streamed from the wild grass,
A hope has come. And the day is mine

The quarantined marble, your flowers seem,
This lie in the sunlight, the palace.

A quarantined man in the calm waters of his throne,
My desire dies, and the blossoms.

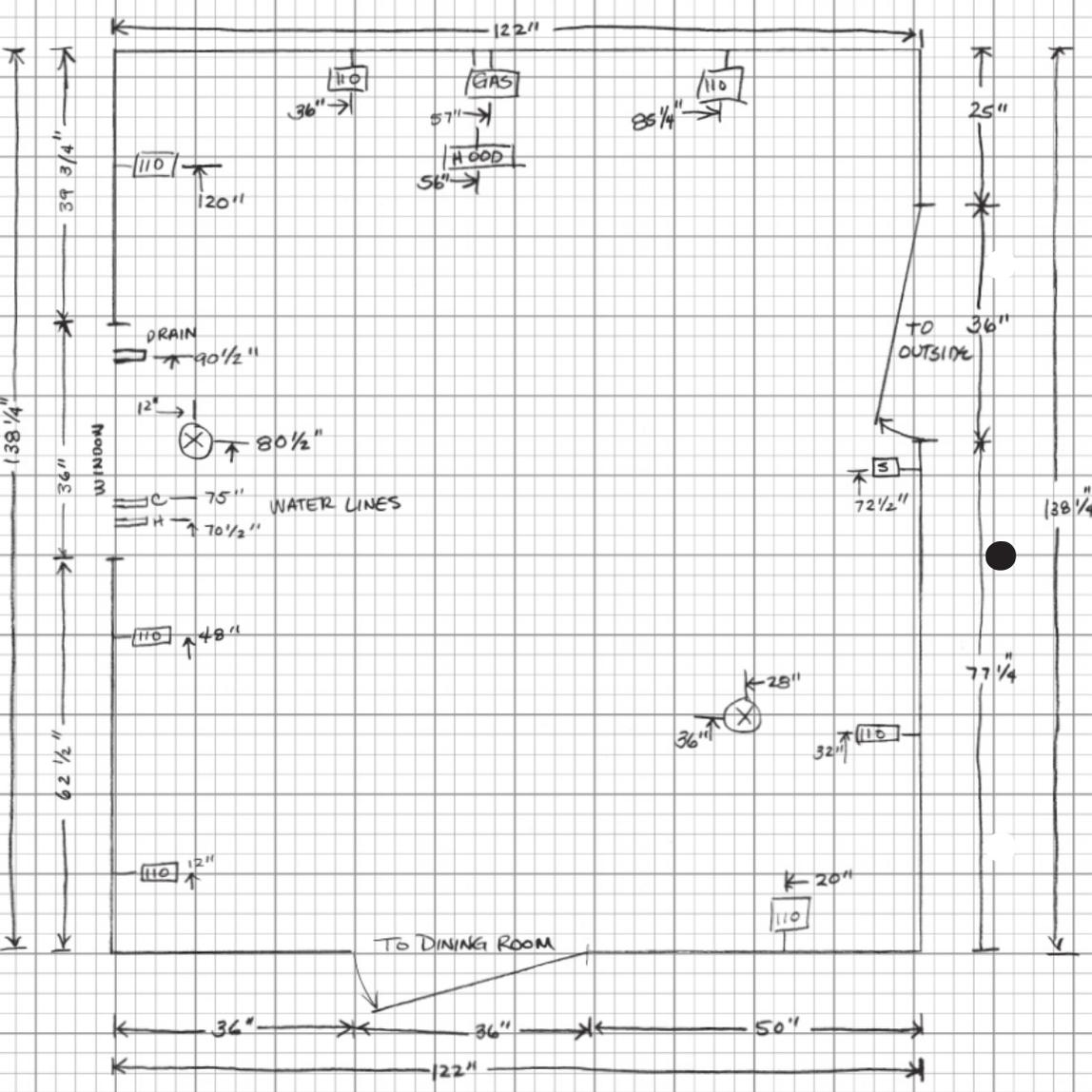


I cannot help but stop and look at the severe immunodeficiency.
The ease. Are you upset by how serious it is?
Does it tear you apart to see the immunodeficiency so dangerous?

People, however hard they try,

*Do people
do they?*







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